

Sunday  
August 10, 1962

Stu,

I received your letter yesterday. I'll admit I was wondering about you. I have great confidence in your mental faculties though, and am quite sure you will pull through this little ordeal in your Gentling style.

Guess what. I have found the perfect gift for you. It's about fourteen inches high and weighs about six pounds. It is a wood carved Moro head. You'll be amazed when you see it. (I haven't actually bought it yet but the girl whom I met in the Philippines is getting it for me.) These things are carved by the Agasats. Natives in the Philippines. They rough it out of a block of Philippine mahogany with a crude knife and then they carve all the fine details with their teeth. This particular tribe lives in a filthy little village and they themselves are even

are even more filthy. They chew beetle nuts (to make their gums tough) and the juice dribbles down all over them. We are going back to the Philippines around the first of October and I am going to get some pictures of them.

I left Hong Kong five days ago. Stu, as long as I live I won't forget that place. It is an island located about one mile off the China coast, about twenty-eight miles from Red China. Right across the channel, on the China side, is Kowloon. It is also the property of the British. Anyway, I was literally amazed at that place. When we entered the harbor I saw about twenty-five merchant ships from almost any country you'd care to name, including Russia. That, in itself, tells you what a free port it is. Stu, you can buy (anything) in Hong Kong providing you have the right price, which isn't usually very high. You can buy clove, cars from England & Italy, jewelry from Siam, ivory & jade carved in

japan, Pall Mall cigarettes + juicy Fruit chewing gum from America, or you can have someone snuffed out for about twenty American dollars just for a few examples. The people (over three + one-half million on an island nine miles long + from two to five miles wide) are very poor, just like any place else there are a few rich ones but the vast majority are very poor. The women - - very beautiful. Yes, I did meet one of them. Her name is May Le Wong. She too is extremely beautiful but somewhat disreputable so I won't put anything about her in my letter. Most of the younger and more tantalizing young maidens make themselves look even more so by the dresses they are garnished with. I think you've probably seen or heard of them. You know, about a six to eighteen inch split up the side starting at the bottom. You can usually get a good idea of the girls personality by the length of the split.

I bought a ring there for nine

American dollars. It is mainly silver with gold inlay on the sides and has a black star sapphire on the top which is mounted in gold. Needless to say this would cost much more at home. I wasn't supposed to buy it though because it was made in Red China and it is illegal to bring such nasty things into the United States. I got it through the black market. My connection was a Chinese tailor named Willie. Very sneaky eh. I also bought a suit. I picked out the material (silk + wool) and had it custom made. It cost me thirty dollars and I've never seen one as good for less than a hundred or more. Even though I'll never go back, I can order a suit at any time because they have my measurements on file. All I do is send them ~~off~~ a piece of material, (any kind or color) tell them how I want the suit made, and they make it. Regardless of what type of material I want it made of or what style I desire, it will cost only thirty dollars and two dollars for postage.

The next part is Japan. I've heard a lot about it from hoodlums of mine who've been there before. Yokohama is supposed to be the most fabulous place in the Orient and we will be there for two weeks. I'll have about a hundred and seventy dollars when I get there and I'm going to spend every damn cent of it.

Stu, I want to plan a trip to Mexico City with you when I see you in December. I've always wanted to go there and now that I've traveled some, I don't want to stop. I may be going to Canada next summer if the ship goes to Washington as scheduled. I have been given the chance to be stationed in Texas next summer, but do you know what? I'm not going to take it. This junk of mine comes back to the Orient next July and I plan to be aboard.

Guess I'll sign off. Take care of yourself and write soon. Your fondly for life,  
 P.S. Please excuse the pencil and lined pad. I'm feeling rather casual at present. Bill

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